

A Shade of Red and Blue

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Summary: RvB. Earth is in danger once again. The New Covenant and their new allies, the Solarus, are barely holding off this threat. Who can save the universe from the coming darkness? "Corporal Leonard Church reporting for duty!"

1. Prologue: We're Spartans?

I've recently been addicted to Halo, Red vs. Blue, and the like. So, I've decided to write a fanfiction about them! Warning, this facfic is much, **_much**_**, more serious than the series we all know and love, but don't despair, it is still hilariously random at some parts. Oh and Miranda and Johnson is alive, and Chief is safely in UNSC hands. If you don't like it, well, fuck you.**

"Bow chicka bow wow." â€" Speech

_That's hot! _â€" Thoughts/Emphasized

Firing main cannon. â€" Mechanical Speech/Over Radio

"**Mwuahahaha! Mwuahahaha!... I want pieâ€|"** High Being Speak (example: Gravemind)

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A Shade of Red and Blue

Prologue: We're Spartans!？

ONI, during the events of the Covenant Loyalists' invasion of Earth, had not only authorized the Spartan III project, but also began one on their own. Dr. Halsey, head of the Spartan II project, had

overlooked some of the 'super-children' that were needed for her project. So ONI found these children, who were now young adults, and had them enlist for the UNSC. But little did the future Spartans know what was to come.

The Spartan IVs went through a similar rigorous training regiment as the Spartan IIs. Although, the Spartan IVs were few in number, totaling seven actually, ONI wanted them to be as powerful as the Spartan IIs. ONI even named the Spartan IV's after the legendary 50 states of the United States of America, the country that was the most influential in uniting Earth's countries. The Spartan IVs were even given the new Mark VI Mjolnir armor. The Mark VI's had only one difference from the Mark Vs. They had special abilities that were unique in each armor. One had stealth capabilities, another had the ability to disable all locks and failsafes, and one was even rumored to be able to go back in time a short distance. And after their training and genetic augmentations, ONI decided to also try and make the Spartan IVs be as good as the Last Spartan II, Master Chief Petty Officer, John-117.

They implanted AIs into the Spartan IV's armors. These AIs, much like Cortana, had the ability to learn and adapt. This shortened their life-span, but made them so much more effective. The AIs, named Alpha, Beta, Delta, Gamma, Nova, Omega, and Zeta, were put into Agents Washington, Arizona, York, Wyoming, Colorado, Nebraska, and Florida, respectively. But the AIs went haywire. They began to become very aggressive and in turn, making their Spartan IV partners aggressive as well. ONI tried to terminate the AIs. They succeeded in deleting Beta, Nova, and Zeta, but the others got away, along with their partners.

The remaining Spartan IVs then began roaming the galaxy, helping out anyone who pays them, as Freelancers. Delta and York eventually settled down in the colony of Sagittarius VII, a colony well away from the war against the Covenant. Agents Nebraska and Wyoming were spotted around Orion sector, but got away. Agent Washington was never found. Some say he wiped out his memory and lived some time on the colony of Venus, before he was enlisted again into the UNSC. But there have been no reports on his position in the military or navy though.

It was around this time that the UNSC decided to host the Spartan V project. The commanders of the UNSC knew of the Spartan IVs and wanted to try to create more Spartans for Earth and her colonies' protection. UNSC randomly picked out people waiting in line to enlist in the UNSC's armies. They then put these people in modified Mark IV armor and sent them to a distant planet. The UNSC assigned the Spartan V's contact to pit them against one another to improve their skills.

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Corporal Leonard Church stared up at the sky that he had become accustomed to. Command had recently promoted him, making him the official leader of the Blue Team at Blood Gulch Outpost Alpha. Alpha— Why does that name seem so familiar to him?

"Yo Church! We found a table and some chairs in the basement! We can finally have a proper dinner!" yelled Private Lavernius Tucker from the doorway of Blue Base. The cobalt-clad Spartan V brushed some dirt

of the double-chevron rank marking on his armor, and headed into the base. Tucker slapped Church on the back and grinned behind his gold visor.

"Heh, if you keep this up, I may have to steal your CD player again to get you inside. We really need to get you laid. All your sulking is making Caboose sad," Tucker said.

"Look who's talking," Church smirked at, though he wouldn't admit it, his best friend. "And don't you dare touch my CD player, you broke it last time."

"I've told you already! I didn't break it!" Tucker whined.

"Sure you didn'tâ€¦," Church rolled his eyes, sarcasm dripping off his voice. They shared a good laugh.

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Caboose winced as Sister crushed another plate, making another shattering noise.

"Oops, I guess I'm not used to the additional strength this armor gives me yet," the yellow-armored female chuckled sheepishly.

"It's okay Sister. You should've seen me when I was holding Church's CD player. It cracked, like Tucker did when Doc got you to shed your skin and he didn'tâ€¦ I'm sure its okay, though. Church didn't shout at me for breaking his CD player. Instead, he began to shout at Tuckerâ€¦," the young male in regulation blue armor said in his slow, whispery kind of speech.

"Aww, thanks Caboose!" Sister smiled at him through her visor. Caboose blushed.

"Alright! Finally we get to eat together as a team!" Tucker voiced out as he entered the base's main room, which acted as a living room/kitchen. "No more eating alone for me!"

"You seem awfully team-spirited today," Doc said, setting down a plate of spaghetti on the table. Tucker shrugged.

Church sighed as he entered the room. "Finally, we get to take off this armor. Why do we keep these on all the time anyways?"

"Command said it was just in case the Reds attack," Doc answered.

"But we signed a temporary neutrality pact with the Reds last week," Tucker raised an eyebrow.

Everyone stared blankly at him. The Blues shrugged and unlatched their helmets. They struggled though, as taking off the bulky armor piece was surprisingly extremely hard to do.

The first face shown was Caboose's. He had pale skin, probably from the lack of sunlight in his armor, sand-colored hair and grayish-green eyes. His face looked somewhat childish, but this gave him an attractive look. Sister momentarily paused to study his face, before resuming trying to take off her helmet.

Then Doc's face was shown. He had black hair, black eyes and copper skin. In fact he lookedâ€¦

"What the hell!?" Tucker and Church shouted. They had stopped trying to pull off their helmets in shock.

"What?" Doc raised an eyebrow.

"You're Hispanic! I thought you said you don't speak any foreign languages! You could've translated Lopez!" Tucker exclaimed.

"Plus your last name is French!" Church joined in.

"Oh, well, my dad was French, and my mom was Hispanic. My family members tend to look like their mothers. It's genetic. Plus we all forgot our native languages a long time ago," the now French Hispanic medic explained.

The Blues nodded in understanding and began to take their helmets off again. Tucker's came off next. He had dark hair and eyes, and brown-hued skin like Doc.

Caboose gasped. "Tucker, you're Fritch Hinsapic too! And I didn't know Tucker was a Fritch name!"

"First of all Caboose, its 'French Hispanic'. Secondly, I'm half-Caucasian and half-African," Tucker deadpanned.

"Oohhhâ€¦ Where's Caucasia?" Caboose asked, scratching his sandy hair. Church, Tucker, and Doc sweat-dropped.

"Caucasia? Sounds hot! I wanna go there!" Sister said excitedly.

"Me, too! Wait, what?" Doc blinked in confusion.

"Oh, well then, Caucasia is in my pants. Bow chika bow- OW!" Tucker exclaimed as a rock went through the sun roof and hit him on the head. There was a note attached to the projectile. "What the?"

It read: "STAY AWAY FROM MY SISTER!! â€" Private Dexter 'Dex' Grif."

"Holy crap, Grif has a good armâ€¦," Church blinked at the rock.

"Nah, I think Lieutenant McMuffin threw that," Caboose corrected.

"Who?" Doc asked.

"He means Donut," Tucker explained.

"Oohhhâ€¦ I really need to learn Caboose-speak," Doc nodded to himself.

Next was Sister, who ripped her helmet off with vigor.
"Finally!"

She had long platinum blonde hair (kinda explains some things, huh?) tied up in a ponytail, teal eyes, and pale skin like Caboose. Her face had a very feminine charm to it.

"Bow chika bow wow," Tucker chanted.

"Shut up, Tucker," Church stated.

"Asshole," Tucker retorted.

And last, but not least, Church took his helmet off. He was met with several stares from his Blue Team comrades. "What? Is there something on my face?"

"Dudeâ€¦," Tucker began.

"Youâ€¦," Caboose whispered.

"Lookâ€¦," Doc said.

"HOT!" Sister finished.

"Yeah! Wait, what?" Tucker blinked.

And indeed he was. Church had short-cropped dirty blonde hair, strikingly piercing blue eyes, and an almost perfect jaw-line. He was the best-looking guy any of the Blues had seen in a while. Oh, and he had freckles. Yes, the asshole-ish cobalt-clad soldier known as Corporal Leonard Church, had freckles. But so did the legendary Spartan II, Master Chief Petty Officer John-117, so what did the Blues care.

"Really?" Church asked, rubbing his face.

"Really! If I weren't interested in someone else right now, I'd be tempted to take you down into the basement and have my way with you!" Sister nodded.

"Yeah! Wait, what?" Doc asked.

"Nice way to put itâ€¦," Church deadpanned.

"And who's that one guy you're interested in?" Tucker said slyly to Sister. "Bow chicka bow- OW! Not again!"

Another rock had fallen through the sun roof and hit him on the head. It bore the same message as the last rock.

"Why don't we talk about our looks later? For now let's dig in!" Church shouted as he sat down at the table.

"Bow chicka bow wow."

"Shut up, Tucker!"

"Asshole!"

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"Hmm, my 'Some-guy-is-flirting-with-my-sister' Senses are gone. So

you can stop throwing rocks now Donut," the orange-clad soldier told the pink-clad one.

"Okay," said the one named Donut. He stopped throwing rocks and resumed painting a new sign on the Red Base's interior. "Throwing rocks are good for my pecs!"

"Grif! Why is Sam's hell are the dishes not washed!?" Sarge bellowed as he stormed into the base.

"I thought it was Simmons's turn tonight," Grif complained.

"Then it's still your fault, for not remindin' Simmons of his duty!" Sarge roared. Then he raised his trusty shotgun at the orange soldier's head. "Now tell me, maggot, why I shouldn't blast you all the way to Mississippi!"

"Because, a Pelican dropship will arrive and take us to help with some important mission that may very well alter the destiny of the universe, Earth, and her colonies?" Grif futilely answered.

Then Simmons came into the room, panting. "Sir! There's a Pelican outside, sir!"

Suddenly a loud voice echoed throughout Blood Gulch. "All UNSC personnel in Blood Gulch Outpost Alpha and Blood Gulch Outpost No.1 please report to the center of the canyon!"

"Holy ravioli, Red Command sent us reinforcements!" Sarge exclaimed. "And surely those darn Blues have heard the call and are goin' to attack the new arrivals regardless of our pact! Simmons, start tellin' me all what you learned when gatherin' intel! Grif, stock up on equipment and ammo! Donut, make sure Grif stocks up on equipment and ammo!"

The Staff Sergeant pressed a red button on the wall. A part of the wall flipped to reveal three battle rifles and four magnums. Sarge grabbed a magnum before rushing out the door. Grif lazily took a battle rifle and a magnum too before heading downstairs into the storage compartment, where all the ammo was stored. Simmons repeated Grif's first action and rushed outside with Sarge, explaining what the Pelican was doing. Donut grabbed the remaining weapons and followed Grif to make sure he had done his job. Red Team was prepared and itching to fight.

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"All UNSC personnel in Blood Gulch Outpost Alpha and Blood Gulch Outpost No.1 please report to the center of the canyon!"

"Church!" Caboose whispered as he latched his helmet onto his head again. "I hear a lady voice in my head!"

"It's not a voice in your head, you idiot! It's a Pelican!" Tucker shouted as he looked out of the window.

"Maybe its Blue Command! Maybe then sent some help!" Doc said.

"Well only one way to find out," Church pressed a blue button on the wall.

And like the Red Base, part of the wall flipped to reveal Church's sniper rifle, Doc's medical gun, two battle rifles, Tucker's energy sword and four magnums. Church took his sniper rifle and a magnum. Caboose took the standard battle rifle and magnum. Sister pocketed dual magnums. And Tucker charged up his trusty energy sword was strapping a battle rifle on his back. Blue Team was ready to go.

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The two teams spotted each other as they neared the Pelican. Church adjusted his scope and aimed at Sarge, just in case Red Team tried to do something funny.

"What are you doing here ya stinkin' Blues!?" Sarge bellowed as they neared each other. The red-clad staff sergeant raised his shotgun at Church, matching his sniper rifle. "Hopin' that your girlfriend is in here Pelican? Well too bad! I'm sure that this here is Red Command and new reinforcements to kick your sorry Blue as-

"ENOUGH!" A strong feminine voice said over the Pelican's loudspeakers. The Pelican's rear ramp opened, revealing a woman with shoulder-length brown hair, blue eyes, and wearing UNSC standard navy uniform. She was accompanied by a small group of UNSC marines. They stepped off the Pelican

Tucker whistled appreciatively at her figure. "Bow chicka bow-

But he was interrupted by a shot that nearly missed his head.

"Woahâ€¦," He said with wide eyes at the shooter. It was a man clad in similar armor to them, although he was much taller, muscular, and his armor looked more battle-worn than all the Blood Gulchers' combined.

"Hey, man, I don't care what your problem is! Don't shoot at my soldiers!" Church shouted at the tall man. The marines, the woman, and the armored soldier looked shocked.

Mostly it was because no one, and they mean no one, had ever stood up to him before. At least, no one who lived.

The man looked down at the woman. "So Miranda, you're telling me these guys are Spartans?"

"Yep," Miranda answered. "The people of Blood Gulch are the Spartan Vs."

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****Tucker: And that's the end of the Prologue of A Shade of Red and Blue! Bow chicka bow wow!****

****Church: Tucker, would you shut the hell up!?!****

****Me: Seriously! That's getting annoying!****

****Tucker: Fine!... Bow chicka-****

****Church and Me: YOU'RE DEAD!!!****

****Caboose: Review please! -whispers- I like reviews.****

****Sister: Reviews? That sounds hot! And if you review, I'll think you're hot!****

****Doc: What if the reviewer's a girl?****

****Sister: What's your point?****

****Doc: Never mind.****

****Blue Team and Me: REVIEW PLEASE!!****

2. Chapter 1: Arguing Brings Out Character

****Me: Hello readers, reviewers, loyal fans, and people who are reading because they having nothing else better to do! And for those wondering what special power Master Chief's Mark VI armor has, it's increased luck. Oh and beware, there are many long and confusing paragraphs in this chapter.****

****Grif: Dude, you talk too much.****

****Simmons: I wouldn't do that Grif. This guy can easily wipe you off the face of existence with his awesome author powers.****

****Sarge: Yeah, so don'tâ€¦| Actually, keep talkin' trash about 'im!****

****Donut: Hey look guys! I have new flower paintings on my nails! Wanna see them?****

****Everyone other than Donut: NOOOOO!!!!****

****Disclaimer: I don't own Halo, or Red vs. Blue. The day I own them is the day Beyonce Knowles goes out with meâ€¦| Damn.****

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****A Shade of Red and Blue****

****Chapter 1: Arguing Brings Out Character****

"WE'RE SPARTANS!!!???" The Blood Gulchers, excluding Church, exclaimed.

"Yes, you are the recruits of the Spartan V program," Miranda said.

Tucker looked back at Church, who was surprisingly calm at the news. **"Why are you not freaking out about this?"**

"Why should I? I already knew this through Tex," and as soon as Church said that, his eyes watered up. The thought of Tex dying was still fresh in his mind.

"Ah, yes, Agent Nebraska, aka Alison Tex, and carrier of AI Omega, of the Spartan IV program. I remember her, she was one of the superior Spartan IVs," Miranda nodded. "You used to be her boyfriend, am I correct?"

Church nodded solemnly.

"Spartan IVs? Spartan Vs? Last I heard, there were only three Spartan programs," the tall man in Mjolnir armor said in an almost robotic voice.

"There are only three Spartan programs, Chief. At least, only three that were successful," Miranda said. "Spartan programs IV and V are deep failures. It ended up with the Spartan IVs rebelling and the Spartan Vs becoming mentally troubled due to the conditions of the canyon, more specifically the heat and the lack of company and interesting events. We abandoned the Spartan V project right after we sent Rebecca Grif to the canyon."

"Wait a sec! So you mean we were left alone, with no support or anything, for almost a year! Added to the fact that we were never told of being part of the Spartan V program!?" Grif pointed a finger accusingly at the UNSC officer.

"I'm sorry, Private Grif, but we had to abandon you to concentrate our funds on finishing the Human-Covenant War," Miranda said with a guilty look. "We are here because humanity is at war again, but against a much more terrible race."

"I thought we were failures. Why would you want us?" Simmons stated.

"Because even though you are amateurs compared to Spartan IIs, IIIs, and IVs, you are still Spartans, still above the regular UNSC marine," Miranda nodded. "Plus, we need every man we can spare to fight our new enemy."

And before anyone could ask about who this new enemy was, someone interrupted them.

"Argh! Demon, help me release the transport's seat protection mechanism!" a deep voice said from inside the Pelican.

"Looks like the Ass-biter is having trouble with the seatbelt! Again," the man, now known to the group as the legendary Master Chief, said. The Spartan II stepped back onto the Pelican and several random noises were heard, including bells, honks, elephant trumpeting, and of course, crashes.

"Ow! You need not be so violent, Demon," the voice said as its owner stepped out, revealing itself to be the leader of the New Covenant, the Arbiter.

"ALIEN!!! AAAAAAHHHHHH!!!" Donut screamed as he began running around wildly in circles.

"I see why the Spartan V program was a failure," one marine whispered to another. The other marine nodded with a scared look on his face.

"Why is the pink Demon running and blaring in a manner similar to that of a cowardly juvenile female?" the Arbiter asked as he continued to watch the pink-clad Spartan V scream like a little girl.

"Oh don't be freaked out, Donut always screams like a little girl when he sees something he doesn't like," Simmons said. "Like the time we looked at the screenshots of Sister naked when she was getting a physical from Doc."

"Woohoo!" Sister exclaimed.

Grif bashed the maroon Spartan with his battle rifle. "You pervert! Stay away from my sister!"

"Bow chicka bow wow!" Tucker nodded.

"Shut the hell up, Tucker! Next time you say that, you'll be getting a piece of my sniper rifle!" Church shouted at the teal-armored soldier.

"Up yours!" was his remark.

"Can I have it up mines?" Sister asked Tucker.

"Yeah, sureâ€¦ Wait, what?" Tucker said. Then the half-African, half-Caucasian grinned perversely. "BOW CHICKA BOW WOW!!!"

"That's it!" the cobalt man slammed the butt of his sniper rifle onto his teammate's head. The Reds and Blues started fighting amongst one another. The matches were as follows: Grif vs. Simmons, Church vs. Tucker, Sister vs. Donut (they were arguing about who had better nails), and Sarge vs. Doc (Sarge was just wildly shooting at Doc's direction while the 'medic' ran around screaming like Donut had moments earlier).

Caboose, who was the only one not involved in the chaos, came up to Miranda and asked in his slow voice. "Do you have any orange juice?"

Miranda, Master Chief, the Arbiter, and the marines stared dumbfounded at the scene in front of them.

The Chief came up to Miranda and shook her shoulders. "Please, please tell me that you were joking when you said these insane people were Spartans!"

"Sadly, no," Miranda shook her head.

The Arbiter patted the Chief's back. "I feel sorry for youâ€¦"

"Thanks, Ass-biter."

"â€¦ WHAT DID YOU CALL ME!?!?"

"I called you Ass-biter. Got a problem with that?"

"Oh, you're going down!"

"Why don't you put on some horseshoes and shut up?"

"Single-jaw!"

"Scaly-butt!"

"Fur-ball!"

"That's it, show me what you got you stinking Elite!"

"Bring it human!"

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"Alright, so are you guys done?" Miranda asked the Spartans and Elite with a suspiciously sweet tone.

"Yes, ma'am," the super-soldiers and Sangheili said in unison. Whatever Miranda did earlier to them could have easily made Gravemind piss his pants. That is, if giant mutant plants wore pantsâ€¦ Or could piss.

"Good," the brown-haired woman nodded. "Now, let's all get on the Pelican. Other dropships will pick up your vehicles and possessions later."

"Ma'am! Yes, ma'am!" the soldiers saluted. The marines, Elite, and Spartans boarded the ship as it blasted off towards the UNSC frigate in orbit, the Window of Opportunities.

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"Here are your quarters, Cpl. Church, Pvt. Tucker, Pvt. Caboose, Field Medic Dufresne," the ship's AI said as it guided most of the Blue and Red Team to a large room at the end of the hall. "And your quarters, Staff Sgt., Pvt. First Class Simmons, Pvt. Grif, are across the hall."

"You mean we 'ave to live right across the hall from the Blues!?" the leader of Red Team shouted at the AI.

"Yes," the AI said in the same dead tone.

"Wait, where's Sister?" Tucker asked.

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Elsewhere, Sister opened the door to a room to find two other women in the room already. One of them, with orange hair, green eyes, and tanned skin, waved at her and stood up to greet the new arrival. The other, a woman with black glossy hair, blue eyes, and pale skin, just grunted at her.

"Hi there!" the orange-haired woman said with a New Yorker accent. She motioned to herself and the other woman. "I'm Jenny, and this is Ashley. You must be our new roommate! Why don't we get you out of that armor and get you into something cozy?"

Sister gladly stepped into the dorm, unlatching her helmet, and beginning to struggle in taking it off. "I'm Rebecca Grif, but everyone calls me Sister."

"Awesome, I've never had a sister!" Jenny exclaimed as she helped the blonde take off her yellow Mjolnir helmet. "Now you can become something like it!"

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The males of Blue Team, unarmored and in their resting clothes (a gray undershirt and a pair of black slacks), relaxed in their new dorm room.

"You know, this isn't too bad," Tucker sighed in pleasure as he laid down on his bed. "That suit was beginning to itch in places you wouldn't want to know."

"Tucker, keep that sort of stuff to yourself," Church retorted as he threw a candy bar wrapper into the garbage can.

"Yeah, yeah, whatever. As long as I get to rest a bit," and as soon as he said that, the ship's AI appeared.

"All Spartan Vs please report to the main bridge."

"I fucking hate my life," Tucker banged his head on the wall.

"Just shut up and put on your navy uniform."

"Son of a bitch,"

-

The Spartans, both II and Vs, and the Arbiter stood at attention in the control room of the _Window of Opportunities_.

"Spartans, Sangheili, you are here to be briefed about our new enemy," Miranda said. She took a deep breath. "The Lunaris, of the moon-planet of Lunaro."

"Lunaris? The Sangheili have heard of this race. Last time we encountered them, they were barbaric tribes wandering their moon, using primitive weapons made of rocks," Arbiter said.

"Yes, but how long ago did the Sangheili encounter the Lunaris?" Miranda asked.

"Approximately 5000 Earth years."

"They have changed over that time. It seems that after the Elites encountered them, another race stumbled upon Lunaro. It was a race of amphibious beings called the Kylonites. The Sangheili Archivists were gracious enough to give us information on this race," Miranda said. She tapped a button on a console. Then a hologram appeared on a nearby table.

The figure on the table was approximately five feet tall, with bluish skin. A pair of gills was visible on its neck. It had a fish-like

face, with fins stretching from its cheeks and the back of its neck. It wore a navy blue helmet on the top of its head. The helmet was shaped a lot like a clam shell, except a red transparent visor came down from the front and covered the Kylonite's eyes. It had webbed feet and hands, the latter of which had razor-like claws on its three fingers. The Kylonite wore a black jumpsuit, with a blue stripe going down its back. It was grasping a weapon that looked a lot like a Needler, except made of a coral-like substance.

"Man, that's one _ugly_ fish," Grif commented. Sarge smacked the back of his head.

"This 'ugly fish' is a Kylonite," Miranda said. "The Kylonites are a Class-D, Type-L, race."

"Class? Type? Since when did we organize other species like that?" Simmons asked.

"Since we adopted the Covenant race-classifying system. It has proved to be effective to rate other races' power," Master Chief said in his robotic voice.

"Then what are we?" Tucker asked.

"Humanity is a Class-C, Type-Pr/E race," Arbiter said.

"Oh. What does that mean?" Tucker scratched his head in confusion.

"Class-C means we have long-distance space travel drives and limited warp-space navigation. Type-Pr/E means we use projectile and energy weapons," Miranda explained.

"And what about the Kylonites?" Church asked.

"Class-E means they have mid-distance space travel drives and booster engines. Type-L means they use laser-based weaponry," Arbiter yet again explained.

"Anyways, the Kylonites felt pity for the barbaric Lunaris, and let the Lunaris copy some of the Kylonite's technology. Things backfired quickly. The Lunaris improved the Kylonite's weaponry, making them a Type-I race, which means they use ion weaponry. The Lunaris quickly invaded the few habitable worlds under Kylonite space, killing and killing and leaving no survivors. Soon only the Kylonite homeworld of Marinas-Kylo was left. The Kylonites fortunately bought enough time to contact their allies, a Class-A, Type-Pl race called the Solarus. But by the time the Solarus fleets had arrived, the Lunaris juggernaut had become a Class-A, Type-I race. You see, Spartans, the Solarus were almost the polar opposites of the Lunaris. They evolved near their star, making them very heat resistant, so therefore making them very suitable to using plasma weaponry, one of the more advanced types of warfare. The Lunaris however evolved on a moon which is behind a gas giant for more than half of their year, making them able to operate in extreme cold. They fought to a standstill, eventually making a temporary ceasefire about 500 years ago," Miranda said. She hesitated for a second.

Then she resumed with a burning passion. "Just two months ago was when the Lunaris chose to make themselves known to the New Covenant.

They attacked the system where the Unngoy (Grunt) homeworld resides with a small fleet of 25 ships. It took 10 UNSC ships, 15 Sangheili ships, and the entire Unngoy main fleet to hold them back. The majority of the Unngoy fleet, which numbered 100 ships, was the price to destroy the Lunaris fleet. This is obviously this is a testament to the Lunaris' power. They are challenging us to fight them. Not soon after, they attacked the Sangheili homeworld of Sanghelios with a fleet of 50."

The Arbiter growled at that part. Miranda continued. "Luckily, we had reinforced the security in the system. 30 Kig-yar (Jackal) ships, renowned for their speedy attacks, surprised the Lunaris, miraculously destroying half of their fleet. The Sangheili Imperial Fleet managed to eliminate the rest. The New Covenant are now at war with the Lunaris. So this is why we need your help Spartans."

Church took a deep breath. "We the soldiers of Blood Gulch will stand by Earth to the very end."

Sarge nodded. "Yeah! No moon-livin' bastards will ever step foot on Earth and her colonies while we're still walkin'."

Master Chief nodded approvingly. Miranda smiled so genuinely and widely, her teeth shined like stars. The Arbiter clicked his mandibles, mentally complimenting Humanity's latest heroes.

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****Me:** Now for all of you confused about this system I made up, I have a diagram hereâ€|******

****Classes:****

****S â€"** Instant teleportation warp-engines and extreme long-distance drives (Forerunners)******

****A â€"** Extreme long-distance drives and precise warp-space navigation (Lunaris, Solarus)******

****B â€"** Long distance drives and average warp-space navigation (Sangheili, Kig-Yar)******

****C â€"** Long distance drives and limited warp-space navigation (Humanity)******

****D â€"** Mid distance drives and limited warp-space navigation (Kylonites)******

****E â€"** Mid distance drives (Unngoy)******

****F â€"** Short distance drives (Humanity in 20th and 21st century)******

****Types:****

****Pl â€"** Plasma weaponry, i.e. Fuel Rod weapons, Plasma Pistols/Rifles/Grenades (Solarus, Sangheili, Kig-Yar, Lekgolo)******

****Pr â€"** Projectile weaponry, i.e. Needlers, Bullet weapons, Missile

weapons (Unngoy, Humanity)**

**E â€" Energy weaponry, i.e. EMP, MAC rounds, Nuclear weapons
(Humanity)**

**L â€" Laser weaponry, i.e. Spartan Laser, Shredder weapons
(Forerunners, Kylonites)**

**I â€" Ion weaponry, i.e. Ion cannons, Gravity weapons (Lunaris,
Brutes)**

**C â€" Chemical weaponry, i.e. Poison gases, Biological weapons
(Flood)**

Grif: Dude, would you shut up?

**Sarge: Would you shut yer stinkin' oreo-smellin'
yap!？**

Simmons: Excellent burn, sir.

Sarge: Why thank you Simmons.

Red Team and Me: Review Please!

End
file.